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[Translated for this Journal.]

Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

BY A. OULIDICHEFF.

[Concluded from last week.]

THE FINALE (continued).

Commonly, when musicians would excite terror, they do not seek to produce it through an ensemble of effects mutually connected and subordinated to an indivisible whole. They rather heap effects upon effects, than really combine them; their often very felicitous and very fine, but almost always rather heterogeneous inventions bear no other relation but a continual over-bidding of one by another, which naturally pushes matters to extremes. We could not blame the composers for that, if they reached their end; and it might indeed be hard for a man of talent to fail in this way. By this chaos of dissonances, these frantic modulations, this wild roar of the orchestra, this tumult and disorder, there must necessarily be some terror produced; but it is an outward and material terror, about as much as in the melodrama. We cite as a masterpiece the conclusion of the phantasmagoric scene in the *Freyschütz*. According to this system the apparition in our opera could not and ought not at all to be treated. For it is perfectly homogeneous and perfectly connected in all its parts;

the alternations of light and shade, of forte and piano, of dissonance and harmony, succeed each other regularly; the somewhat hastened tempo towards the end does not cease to be moderate. All this is regular and correct, and does not look very black, but almost quiet, upon paper. And yet what are the terrors of the wolf's glen, what are all poetical and musical terrors put together, before this terror, which, from the very beginning: *Don Giovanni, a cenar teco m'invitasti, e son venuto* (*Don Giovanni, to sup with thee thou hast invited me, and I have come*) seems to have reached the highest pitch, but which continues to loom higher and higher, till it overshadows one with its gigantic wings! which penetrates at once the sense, the heart and the imagination, and finally in its inexorable progress reaches even to the sphere of intellect and awakens irresistibly dark and cheerless thoughts? One shudderingly asks himself whether all that is within us must not somewhere in the same way reproduce itself without us, and whether the most awful visions of the soul, here realized by musical analogy, will not some day clothe themselves with a more substantial body and in still more positive forms than this analogy. Hear those chords continually swaying to and fro upon a uniform rhythm, but which at every repetition of the outward words, resounding from the phantom's mouth, have a more mournful and heart-rending sound! and that unisono from the other world, upon unwonted intervals so alien to every human mood of feeling! and that quaking of the orchestra upon the hideous discord of the minor second, and those long, sighing scales, ascending and descending, which howl and struggle in vain, amid a despairing modulation, against the fatal note which still inflexibly pursues and crowds and strangles them!

Hear it! This is the meaning of the speech, those are the real words of the apparition; this is Death and Judgment and Damnation; this is the climax and the moral of the whole piece. Great God, what a moral! This at least is in no danger of being so speedily forgotten as the other conclusions which proceed from dramatic justice, while they let vice be punished and innocence triumph. Poor dramatic justice! Will not vice always say to it: "You are completely mistress, to order the events of a theatrical piece according to your liking, and to make me talk as you see fit. I, vice, who do not play comedy, I laugh at it. Scourge me as much as you please with

moral tirades, which you put into my mouth; hang me in effigy; I from my box or from my seat among the first rank will not fail to be the first to clap applause, provided all goes well with me as usual in the world." What will dramatic justice answer him to that? I cannot say, but I know perfectly well what the composer of the *Dissoluto punito* could have replied to it, namely the following: So far from delivering you to the judgment of others, I do not even deliver you to the pangs of conscience, which would have been self-judgment. On the contrary, in my piece you reckless and unpunished trample mankind under foot. No one is strong enough to punish you. I invent nothing against you, but I create a reality outside of events, words and actions; and in this reality can neither you nor any one mistake the authentic type, the living impress of a deeply sinful soul, in the hour in which all fades away from it, all, even to the hope of nothingness. The only fact which I suppose, is the coming of the white man, and thou knowest that the white man will come for thee as for every one."

Moreover, what advantages Mozart concedes to vice, when he at last introduces the inevitable visitor! Where is the great conscious sinner, who could flatter himself he could receive him like Don Juan? To enable ourselves to judge of this, we will try the other half of the dialogue, the sublime opposed to the sublime. Of the two reciting voices, here united as if in a duet, the first supports itself upon the total forces of the orchestra; this is the phantom with the terrors in its train, armed with all the power of a divine attorney. The other voice is weakly accompanied. This is the man, in utter destitution of all that constituted his outward power, delivered over hopeless and defenceless to the iron arm of necessity. In this fearful combat only the individual Will keeps him upright; but this among all the faculties of man is just the most real and the strongest, and it comes out here with a sublime grandeur, which the rôle of Don Giovanni has in no other place approached. *Non l'avrai giammai creduto, ma farò quel che potrò* (I should never have believed it, but I will do what I can.) A certain residuum of anxiety betrays itself in this passage, the first which Don Juan addresses to the ghost of the Commander, and during which you hear two violin figures, which have already been marked at the beginning of the overture, of which one is melodious and mournful, the other a murmuring accompaniment, like the

night breeze creeping over the grass of the church-yard. But as soon as the long period, in which those terrible scale passages roll away, is at an end, Giovanni recovers his self-possession: *Parla dunque! che chiedi?* (speak then! what do you want?) Never was anything grander uttered on the stage. And when he adds: *Parla, parla, ascoltando ti stò* (speak, I stand listening,) sympathy and wonder reach their height, and there is not one among the audience, who does not feel tempted to exclaim: Mercy, mercy on the noble sinner! During this period, which closes in A minor, the ground-tone sounds on, like a muffled, dreadful funeral bell, alone amid the awful silence of the voices. One feels that unheard of things are preparing.

Suddenly the thunders of the spectre, striking in upon this monotonous death-knell, awaken a succession of chords which would be difficult even for a grammarian to analyze; a series in which the chromatic and the enharmonic are so mingled and blended, that the ear knows no longer where it is, nor whence it comes, nor whither it goes, and the imagination utterly gives way under the terrible and swift succession of the images by which it is overwhelmed. It is like an inward mirror, in which compactly and in countless number the enormities of a whole life full of sin are mirrored. Every heart-beat calls up a new shape of terror, which the hurricane of the *crescendo* instantly chases away, to put other shapes of terror in their places, which in their turn are also swept away. The whole are linked together in a waving line of fearful arabesques buried in flames. Rising a semitone in every phrase, the spectre reaches the highest tones of his vocal register and closes this indescribable period upon the dominant chord of B flat minor.

In this new key, in the character of a grand reminiscence, the double figure of the violins again becomes perceptible; the dialogue is more condensed. A voice, which seems to penetrate the clouds and cleave the earth, asks Giovanni if he is ready for the journey? *Rit-sòl-vi? Vér-rá-i?* The sinner answers: *Ho fermo il core in petto; non ho timor, verrò* (I have a firm heart in my breast; I have no fear, I will go.) A defiant outburst of heroism, which is supported by imitative passages of astonishing power. The phantom, which till then has been immovable, stretches out his hand to Don Giovanni, who reaches him his. An icy chill runs through the veins of the desperate Epicurean. The pain tears from him a shriek: *Oihé!* From this bar, the *tempo* of the somewhat hastened Andante gains by degrees the fire and vivacity of an Allegro, through the more frequent interchange of the phrases of the dialogue, and through the waving which manifests itself in the instrumental figures. The *tremolo* seizes even the lowest stratum of the harmony; the abyss yawns and ferments in expectation of its prey. Passages of the bass, which remind you closely of the duel scene, come roaring in like rising waves, and like them fall back from their highest summit into the deep from which they raised themselves. Let us admire the deeply considered motives of the musician. These sweeps of bass, these powerful attacks, the colossal type of the last brave deed of the Commander's arm, call out no imitation in the other voices; that is to say, they meet with no parade now, as in the earthly duel.

The violins, which in so murderous a manner guided Giovanni's sword, are no longer here to parry off the blows. The sword now lies a useless tool at its master's feet; for he cannot kill the Commander twice. From his veins there is no blood to be drawn, and Don Giovanni's blood is frozen in the hand of his invulnerable adversary. The retribution is frightful. The victor in the first act is challenged to confess his downfall. Already gleams over the sinner's head, suspended by a hair, the sword of everlasting punishment, which always hits and always kills. *E l'ultimo momento! pentiti scelerato! pentiti, pentiti.* (It is the last moment! repent, wicked one, repent!) and this down-crushing summons, to which Giovanni steadfastly answers *no*, rolls away each time thundering like the echo of hell, until the last grain has run from the invisible hour-glass, which measures the period of delay. The mission of the Commander is achieved; the irreversible word falls upon the lost one in heavy and long choral notes; the harmony dies away in unison; the spectre has vanished.

If the conclusion had been executed in the moment that it was announced; if Giovanni had fallen dead at the feet of the Commander and the curtain with him, then would the end have crowned the work, and Mozart, exalted to the Pillars of Hercules in musical art, would have remained standing *ubi desit orbis*, like those seekers after hyperborean lands, who could not continue their voyage any further, because they had reached the end of the world. But certain considerations allowed neither the poet nor the musician to terminate the opera, or at least the supernatural scene in this way. Da Ponte, as a skilful literary job worker, thoroughly acquainted with the public of his time, as well as with the conditions of scenic effect in general, reasoned quite justly, that the title of the piece: *Il Dissoluto punito*, and the expectation awakened by this title, would hardly seem justified unless we saw the punishment; for among a thousand individuals who understand perfectly well how to see an opera, it is lucky if you can count ten who understand how to hear it. For this reason the damnation and the hell had to be made visible to the eye. The poet therefore caused the man of marble, who in his libretto is a pretty paltry machine, to be followed by something more solid and more striking to the eyes, *un coro di spettri* (chorus of spectres,) ghosts, larvae, furies, devils, the court of Pluto in grand gala. We know how our ancestors enjoyed this classical pomp. Don Juan, whom the composer has allowed to stand out through the most frightful moral torments, is after these delivered up to physical torments also: *Che m' agita le viscere!* a bold image, which transcended Da Ponte's age, and at which Mozart did not hold it necessary to stop. To him, the musician, who understood how to translate the most heart-rending cry with perfect naturalness, it would have been easy to represent the desperate pangs from the inmost vitals quite as naturally; but he was far from suspecting what a fruitful vein these medico-chirurgical operations would open to the theatre.

We have adduced the motives of the poet, let us now hear those of the composer. Mozart must have perceived, that it was impossible to close the last finale with a scene in the *tempo* of Andante, which is by all odds the most important in the piece, and which ends *pp* with some whole

notes, sung by a single voice, which fade out in the orchestra, like the shadow itself. Accordingly he saw, that after a piece of such psychological subtlety and depth, it would be fitting to raise the soul again, which has been cast down by so many fearful shocks, and that at the close some fireworks must be let off for the ear, just as Da Ponte had felt the need of a brilliant concluding piece for the eyes. For this reason he appended to the Andante an Allegro of fifty measures and not more; this is mere music of effect, required by the tumult on the stage and also by the scenic uproar, since there is no mightier ally than uproarious music in such cases. This is all very well; it does not last long, and everybody goes away contented. So we will not concern ourselves as to what sort of a spectacle they will afford us, or whether the gentlemen managers, scene-painters, costumers and machinists still continue to create their world after the ideal of a simpleton. They must pardon me this expression; but it is credible, that we, the spectators of the nineteenth century, we who at last comprehend what Don Juan is, are still invariably doomed to see the final scene of the wonderful masterpiece transported into the mythological Tartarus, swarming with a legion of supernumeraries and thereby rendered positively ludicrous, since these are besmeared with every possible color, wear enormous perruques of hemp upon their heads, and dance with smoking and stinking torches round Don Juan.

Certainly it would require no great outlay of fancy, to replace this unworthy mode of representation by another less ridiculous and more appropriate. For have we not the phantasmagoria? Suppose we have threatening spectres flitting in the vacant space, hideous masks, with features distorted with fury or grinning with devilish laughter; mingle with them for contrast's sake a troop of youthful and pale female forms, who have atoned for their love of Giovanni with their lives, and who regard him steadfastly and seem to weep over him. If this picture does not suit the reader, here is another. The trap-doors open and vomit streams of flames; the thunder machine does its utmost in its Olympian retreat; the side pieces of the scene, which does not change, take fire and fall in one by one with a great noise; phantoms fly in all directions through the conflagration. There is no need of our seeing the singing spectres, and instead of the chorus being sung in unison, as it is directed, it might be sung in different octaves. We even think that speaking-tubes would be in place here. In this uproar, Giovanni, abandoned to the demons, although only inwardly and free in his movements, expresses, more by his acting than his singing, which it would be hard to hear well, the torments which he suffers. And when the closing cadence comes, a long-drawn church cadence, the wall in the back-ground falls down, and discloses, in the first beams of the dawn, the spirit of the Commander floating heaven-ward, with the figure of a female kneeling before him on the same cloud. This female holds a palm-leaf in her hand and a veil conceals her features. A streak of lightning, which proceeds from this heavenly vision, strikes Don Juan, who falls dead amid the ruins of his accursed dwelling.

SUPERFLUOUS CONCLUSION.

How singular! Although both composers of our opera trod in Shakespeare's footsteps in their work,

defying the poetical and theatrical style of their age, continually mingling comedy with tragedy, yet both Da Ponte and Mozart felt themselves obliged to yield to the most arbitrary rule that ever was imposed upon the lyric drama; the rule namely, which requires that all the characters should come together at the end and form a straight line in the order of their vocal registers, to thank the public for the signs of approbation or displeasure which have fallen to their lot during the representation. At all events our composers need not have followed this conventionalism in all its strictness, inasmuch as the hero of the piece was dead, and the phantom had no second mission which should bring him to make his acknowledgment before the public. So they contented themselves with assembling the survivors, to sing and take their leave, whereby the Finale was lengthened out by three extra *tempi*; an Allegro Assai, a Larghetto and a Presto.

We will not examine them; first, because they are never performed on the stage; then, because they form no part of the action; and thirdly, which is the worst thing about it, because they are an absurd lie with regard to the acting persons. Who does not clearly see, that this whole world of passions, fascinations, follies and marvels has irrevocably gone down with him, who was its focus and its moving principle? Anna, the sublime reaction of the moral order of things against the principle which made war upon all its foundations, is no longer Anna. She has ceased to be with the cause that called her forth; she is extinguished, as the fire of heaven was extinguished, after consuming the doomed cities whose burial places are mirrored by the Dead Sea. So soon as Anna is dead, Ottavio becomes impossible. He is so constituted, that he could not survive his beloved a minute, for she made out his whole musical and dramatic existence. As for Leporello, the physicians will tell you, that he has seen and heard enough during the last two scenes, to entitle him to a provision for life in a madhouse. In fact, his concern is perhaps to go to an inn (*all'osteria*) and there seek out a better master (*padron miglior*). No, no, Leporello has had and will have but one master all his life. Shall I speak of Elvira? Alas! she sank down senseless, when she left Don Juan. At this moment the poor lady lies sick in bed with a brain fever. She is in for it for six weeks at least. Elvira gathers her friends and relations about her and says to them: *Io men vado in un ritiro a finir la vita mia* (I go into retirement, there to end my days,) that is all, and we can but approve this pious resolution, although it does not concern the audience. There yet remain Zerlina and Masetto. One were glad to suppose, with the poet, that this couple on their wedding day have gone off to sup together (*cenar in compagnia*); but for the honor of Masetto we must believe that their supper hour has passed long ago. Zerlina, with whom all the relations have ceased that made her a dramatic person, is not the Zerlina of Don Juan, but of Masetto, from this time forward a little wanton gossip, who leads her man round by the nose. In this way the grand figure of Giovanni draws down with him in his fall all that had served him for relief, for setting or for contrast. All dies or vanishes with him.

The three last *tempi* of the Finale therefore are a monstrous violation of all principles of Art;

but inasmuch as a fault is seldom so easy as this to better, and as it always is bettered on the stage, the evil, I admit, would not be very great, if the music, here suppressed, were no better than its text. Unfortunately this is not the case, and all music lovers will lament with bitterness the lost labor of the splendid fugued chorus: *Questo è il fin di chi fa mal*. (This is the end of the evil-doer!)

The Position of the Artist.

[From *The Crayon*.]

In arranging our social system, we have considered the relations of the Worker in the material, in all his capacities, as Laborer, as Adventurer, as Capitalist, and have, by our use of the influences of law and public opinion, done all we may to protect him in each. We have gone further, and included in our plans the interests of those who, not being producers of the Actual in any form, have confided to them the preservation of that which is in danger of decay or injury—the Jurist, the Physician, and the Divine—the conservators of society. Yet in our organizations we have made no account of the Ideal: the Painter, the Sculptor and the Poet, are voted by all “assembled wisdoms” to be superfluities—queues which the world may wear or not.

Has the Artist a right to exist? Abstractly he has, any one will admit, as every one has, a right to eat if he can get anything to eat; but that he has any claim on society, or has of right any position in it, we all practically deny. We emulate the magnificence of the munificent tyrants of past ages, who always bad some poets, some painters in their train, but only that they might add to their glory and stimulate their self-importance. They had generally their buffoon, who stood nearer to their majesties than either poet or painter. They rewarded the fool, and the Artist, as they fostered their foibles or flattered their vanity. They gave them gifts, but never paid them anything, since the idea of service rendered was one not to be entertained.

So each man among us, as he attains to the position of a sovereign in a degree, bestows his largess on the painter who makes his walls richer, or who preserves his likeness for the admiration of future generations; and so, too, we cast our coppers to dancers and mountebanks. The Poet, thank God! has passed out of the hands of sovereignty in a measure, and can no longer be made to sing in a golden cage for the glorification of the individual man—free from *Mecenas* and *Can Grande*, he is listened to as we listen to the birds of heaven, not because he is ours, but because he is divine. No longer the creature of Privilege, he lives in the universal heart of mankind, and though his robes of scarlet and golden decorations may be less, he eats the bread of independence, and says what he says because he desires it, not because we prescribe it.

The Painter hopes from the emancipation of his brother the Poet, and looks out upon the day when, no longer the creature of individual vanity or insolent self-importance, he shall paint, not what patrons commission him to, but what his own soul commands of him; and when, instead of being required to follow a fashion, or make pictures according to popular perception, he shall be regarded as the Seer of the Beautiful, and shall be looked to as the instructor of that perception, who shall teach us what to see and how to see it. We do not suppose that all painters have this feeling. We know there are many who are willing to be the *appenda* to wealth and social rank, to keep a foothold in life by fostering pride and flattering vanity; but the true Artist has that desire for reverence and regard, not for himself, but for the truth given him to tell.

If he has a right to exist, then he has a right to that consideration and position which make existence easy. We talk fluently, in these times, of the right of labor, and say, truly, that society has no right so to organize itself that it shall cut off its humblest members from their dues of sunlight and of bread. Labor has rights, and will enforce

them, or, at least, exact a terrible penalty for its disinheritance. It is necessary: and we know that to destroy the laborer is to cut off our hands—to strike at the root of the material interests of society. But, since it is an external necessity, it will be cared for; and the only question to the upper tiers of the social organization, is, how, most conveniently, to care for it and themselves at once. Art and Beauty have no such necessity—they are neither bread nor shelter, and men commonly pass successfully through life without the slightest care for them. Nations have been powerful and wealthy without being cognizant of their existence. They have no revolutionary right, and cannot force themselves into notice—they cannot exact the penalty of neglect—yet is it none the less exacted somehow and somewhere.

We say, the penalty is exacted, because a law is broken by thus leaving out the Teacher of the Ideal in our division of the earth; and infraction of natural law brings its punishment with it. A German fable says, that when Jupiter divided the earth among his children, the Poet, modest and sensitive, was overlooked, and when the god found that there was no share left for him, he took him to dwell with himself in Olympus. So does the world. It divides the goods of this life among the strong, the cunning, and the clamorous. The Artist and Poet are sent up to Olympus and glorified. They would, probably, prefer to remain among their brethren, but the loss is not theirs—rather the world's. Subsistence may be denied them, but their perception and enjoyment of the Ideal cannot be taken away; and, if driven to Olympus, they not only take it with them, but take away the very guides by which their blind brethren might be made to see.

To speak more prosaically, it is society that suffers by the neglect of the Artist; and it is the interest of society, therefore, to give him the position which his share in the soul-culture justifies. Having admitted his right to a place, it only remains to point it out, and then we may demand of him that he fill it worthily. How can we expect him to sustain a dignity when we assign him none? If we regard him as a pendant to our pride and vanity, we have sunk the teacher in the flatterer, who has no place in the true social system.

Friedrich von Flotow.

[From the *New York Musical Gazette*.]

FRIEDRICH VON FLOTOW is a nobleman, the son of a wealthy lord of the manor, in Mecklenburg, (North of Germany.) This somewhat retired part of Germany reminds one, in many of its characteristics, of the oiden time; of a state of society which belongs more to the past than the present. The fertile lands are divided into large estates, and are in possession of some of the oldest families of nobles Germany possesses. The life of these proprietors is mostly agricultural, preserving, in some sort, many of the old patriarchal rights, customs, and feelings. We mention this fact because of the anomaly which exists between the life and spirit of a man born and educated under such influences, and the light, brilliant French music of *Martha*, *Indra*, etc. But it is not the first time Germans have proved they can be any thing else but German; and although in music they are least likely to forget their own nature and spirit, the history of modern opera shows in MEYERBEER and HALEVY two brilliant illustrations of the fact we have mentioned. Flotow, however, spent only his earlier youth in the country of renowned cattle and fertile pasture-grounds. He soon came to Paris, studying music, opera, ballet, and all sorts of things, which the French metropolis can offer to an apt and diligent scholar.

The musical education of Flotow has been in some respect a very curious one. Generally a musician tries every thing before he fixes himself upon any peculiar branch of his art. Not so Flotow. We do not think that he ever studied or composed any thing else but a certain class of vocal music; nay, we do not even believe that he composed much even of this before he came to Paris, with ample means to enjoy it; having a certain predilection for music, perhaps also the

intention to study it, but certainly without any great preparation for the career of an opera composer. Flotow learned first how to write little romances in the French style, then he tried larger forms, until, at last, he accomplished the short opera comique. Paris has been, in a musical sense, the cradle, nursery, and school-room of Flotow; he learned there to creep, to walk; to spell, to write, and to produce. Being always with French people, hearing nothing but the talk of a particular class of musicians; being, besides, young and unfix'd, in his views and principles, one can not, after all, wonder that he forgot the solid qualities of his native Mecklenburg, and reflected in his music the habits and feelings of that society in which he moved. And as this society was a good one, being formed by the circles of some first-rate houses; the young nobleman being received with all the honor due to his station; as, besides, he was very apt to perceive the finer qualities of French composition and to adopt them, we can easily account for the elegance he displays in his better works. But Flotow learned not only this in Paris; he obtained also a knowledge of the stage, of the public, of the artists, and of men in general. Further—and this is the most essential—he obtained a perception of his own resources, and especially learned not to come too early before the public. Flotow has never been guilty of an attempt to write a so-called grand opera; he knows the scope of his talents and abilities, and therefore his whole ambition has been concentrated upon the opera comique. Having so very often seen that stuff prepared which is served day by day to the Parisian public; having assisted in all the incidents of a *mise en scène*; having gone as a witness through all the stages of the life of a composer for that institution, and feeling in himself musical resources enough to satisfy at least, in this respect, the wants of the public, he risked himself at last on the perilous field of an opera composer. His first trial, in association with another, was not very successful; then came a little opera in one act, which had the esteem of the critics, and the applause of the *claque*, raising some hopes for a future success. Had Flotow continued to walk in the same path; to compose only for the Opera Comique in Paris, the desired full success would not have failed to appear at last; but at that time he made the acquaintance of a German author, who spent a portion of each year in Paris, to look out for pieces to translate and arrange for the German stage, and it is this acquaintance which changed the course of the composer and had the greatest influence upon his further career. The public name of that author is W. FRIEDRICH, of a wealthy merchant family in Hamburg. This man has obtained a reputation in Germany for being the best translator of French pieces, for his great knowledge of the stage, and the ability to write gentle verses, especially for opera purposes. Flotow required a libretto; Friedrich proposed one for the German stage, based upon the principles of the French Opera Comique; Flotow agreed, and both men began to work. The first sign of this new partnership was the opera, *Alessandro Stradella*. It is almost the same plot which inspired NIEDERMEYER to make a grand opera for the French Academy of Music. If the singer and composer, ALESSANDRO STRADELLA, who lived in the last half of the seventeenth century, could have heard the music which he has to perform in either opera, but especially in that of Flotow, he would have been rather surprised. Flotow's music is very thin and somewhat obese, a sort of enlarged vaudeville with recitatives, which has had an entire success, on account of the musical characteristics with which the two bandits in the piece are treated. Here the talent of the composer, the comical expression, was very happily displayed; and Flotow himself was quite right, when he said, after the first performance of this opera at Hamburg, "My bandits have saved me." The next opera was *The Sailors*, a more severe undertaking, and for this very reason unsuccessful. Flotow was, in consequence of this, rather dissatisfied with his partner; still he agreed for a third trial together. The result was *The Forester*. Again no success; decidedly Mr. Friedrich was not worth any thing. Flotow resolved upon dissolution of

the partnership, but first he would try once more the ability of the librettist. *Martha* was the result of their labors, and this time a successful one. *Martha* gave the composer a position and reputation in Germany, which his later operas, *Indra* and *Rubezahl*, although they were very feeble reproductions of his powers, could not shake! The music to *Martha* is spiritual, light, and brilliant, grateful to the ear, the singers, and also, as experience has taught us, to the composer himself. The orchestration is much better than in *Stradella*, and the instrumentation has some very happy and ingenious combinations. The treatment of the whole is French; but there are some pieces, as the spinner-quartet and the finale of the first act, which are as good as any thing Auber or Adam have written for the Opera Comique. The great art, to finish at the right time, not to weary the public by a continuation of sentiment scenes—on the contrary to offer a continual interchange of the sentimental and the comic: these secrets of success Flotow understands very well, as he proves in this opera. Then that other important point; the provision of the singers with good, grateful roles, is also not neglected in *Martha*. *Nancy* and *Plumkett* are very acceptable parts for male and female buffos, and *Martha* and *Lyonel* are favorite performances of all the German soubrettes and tenors. *Martha* and *Stradella* have made their way over almost all the stages of Germany, have pleased hundreds of times, and will please probably as long as society requires an opera to be served as in dramas, nothing but amusement and pleasant sensations. The opera of *Martha*, or rather an English version of it, was first introduced to the American public by Madame BISHOP a few years since, when an astute critic of one of the daily papers gravely complimented Signor BOCHSA for the brilliant idea he had conceived, of introducing into the opera the well-known ballad, 'Tis the last rose of summer.' As most of our readers are probably well aware that whatever merit may be attached to the brilliancy of this idea is due to the German composer, we should not now refer to it were it not that the same incorrect statement has appeared in print within a few days.

As far as we can judge from personal appearance, not having any biography at hand, Mr. Flotow is about forty years old, tall, with a dark complexion, and much smartness in his eyes. He has the appearance of a man who carefully observes, and knows how to profit by his observation. His manners are gentlemanly, amiable, and prepossessing, just as is his music. You are flattered without being aware of it. Flotow is, in our opinion, the smartest manufacturer of opera music Germany possesses at this time.

[From the London Atheneum of June 8, 1839.]

First appearance of Mario, and first performance of Lucrezia Borgia in London.

On Thursday Mme. GRISI's benefit took place, with the attractions of a fresh opera, "Lucrezia Borgia," by DONIZETTI, a new tenor, M. MARIO, and a new ballet, *La Gitana*. Strange to say, in spite of these temptations, the house was but moderately well attended; nor have the lovers of music any loss, if they absent themselves from M. Laponti's kingdom as often as the *Lucrezia* is repeated. The ghastly and revolting story of Victor Hugo's tragedy, stripped of half its horrors, has been set to music—alternating between harsh and pungent dulness—and, as a whole, even less inviting than that of Donizetti's ungracious *Parisina*. There is one effective terzetto in the second act, and the introduction, with snatches of ball music coming from behind the scenes, would be very gay and pretty—though anything but new—if the military band were kept in tune. Having mentioned these pieces, it is waste of time to specify farther. Grisi did her best to make her new part tell—looking, in the second act, more striking than we ever remember to have seen her, having put on for the character such a malicious and fascinating beauty as befits a sorceress; but the music baffled her exertion.

It was a pity, too, to produce M. Mario in a composition so utterly worthless; though making allowance for its wretched insipidity, we cannot

but compliment the new Romeo of the Italian stage upon possessing a handsome presence and a delicious voice, rather than command him for using either as an artist should do; that is, zealously and to good effect. His voice is sweet and extensive, some of its tones being not free from that slight quantity of huskiness which practice would either clear away, or, as in Pasta's case, convert from a blemish into a beauty; his expression is natural and unforced, his declamation at times too abrupt, at times too indifferent—he is greatest, in short, in *cantabile* singing; having, on Thursday evening, neither been given nor made for himself any opportunity for the display of executive power. M. Mario's success was complete, but he must work hard to make it lasting.

Diary Abroad.—No. 13.

BERLIN, Feb. 9. One more wonder-child, and this a pianist!

He is a child of ten, more likely eleven years, from Moscow, and has given a concert in Frankfort on the Maine. It is the winter of 1842-3, and the old imperial city—one of my favorite places for a few days visit—is filled with fashionable society from all parts of Europe. *Lucrezia Borgia* and *La Favorite* have just been put upon the stage there; the second creating some sensation. RUBINSTEIN and PERSIANI have had the theatre one night for a concert, and now comes our little boy to try his fortune. He is the fashion and succeeds. 'C. G.', who writes about all these and many other musical doings in a letter to the *Leipziger Zeitung*, is greatly pleased with the child and discourses thus about him:

"God be thanked! the time of 'wonder-children' has passed; for time has taught us that most of these little pale creatures have faded like hot-house plants, so soon as the fresh air of heaven breathed upon them. The playing of little RUBINSTEIN, however, seems more like the result of real talent, since he retains completely the ease and joyousness of a healthy child, and has thus far assumed nothing of the professional in his demeanor. Still we have our doubts as to a happy result, as those about seem to take every pains to fill him with vanity. That the little man no longer studies, merely practicing show pieces, is evident from his manner of playing. We demand of a child neither depth of feeling nor a clear understanding of his composer, but at all events clearness and correctness, attributes of a true musical scholar, must not fail. Still, the astonishment one feels at hearing a boy of ten years conquer the most difficult caprices of Liszt and Thalberg, Chopin and Henselt, cannot be overcome by simply calling it precocious execution. What would we have more? If the history of the Art did not tell us of little geniuses who satisfied at once both the ear and the heart, we would not judge so strictly."

Not remarkably flattering, such a notice; but that the Leipzig artists thought very differently of him is clear; for less than a year passes before he has the instrumental solos at a Gewandhaus concert, and a long notice of his playing, which follows in the *Zeitung*, puts a very different face upon the matter:

"His efforts are not the deceitful fruit of a hot-house plant, or the product of education merely; they are the results of a truly extraordinary, real musical talent, which certainly needs still the guidance and culture of a skilful and careful hand." It is not the mere technical perfection of Rubinstein's playing, which the writer extols very highly, but the soul which pervades it, the clearness of his conception, and so on, which gives rise to hopes, which are not often excited, for the future of Art. The boy played on this occasion the first movement of a concerto of his Moscow master, Villoing, *Ständchen*, by Franz Schubert, and a fantasia upon Lucia themes by Liszt—the last two pieces exciting a tumult of applause.

Before the close of the year (1842), he astonishes Berlin by playing Thalberg, Henselt, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Mozart (the Gigue ganz correct in the swiftest tempo), the Chromatische Fantasie of Bach, and Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique, and other pieces of the classical and the difficult schools, in a series of concerts at which the audiences continually increased in numbers and interest. He visited Weimar, Breslau, Prague, and perhaps other places, and ever with similar results. Returning to Mos-

cow, to his parents, he gave a concert or two there; but unfortunately for him, Liszt's huge, overshadowing figure came between him and the public.

The pendulum swings now in the other direction. Antoine Rubinstein and a younger brother visit Berlin together, two years later, and call out from one correspondent the remark that they are—skilful pianists! And the next winter we read: "The wonder-child Anton Rubinstein has grown up into the mediocre Russian pianist, Herr Rubinstein." That this was doing Rubinstein justice, I cannot believe; still there may have been expectations excited by the child's playing, which the youth could not make good. I am inclined to think that in all cases, even in Mozart's, there is a period during which the improvement in the skill of a performer does not keep pace with the change in his person—that period when one is, as Malvolio says, "not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before it is a peacock, or a codling before it is an apple;" and that in this period we expect too sudden a change and improvement of that which was wonderful in the child into that which is astonishing in the man.

Whether justice was done to the young man on this tour or not, he was soon after fixed in St. Petersburg by the appointment of Kapellmeister to a sister-in-law of the Emperor.

The first I heard of him was from an American family who had long been in the Russian Capital. They spoke of this young Rubinstein as almost superhuman in his mastery of the piano-forte, as well as in the musical ideas to which he gave form and life at the instrument. Miss B. spoke of his firm, collected demeanor in the concert room, and, as we happened to have a picture of Beethoven lying on the table, of his huge head of shaggy hair.

Not long after my friend at Leipzig incidentally mentioned him in a letter to me: "Rubinstein, the Russian pianist, and the same man who brought out a new Symphony at the last Gewandhaus concert but one, plays on the 14th. I heard him at K.'s room the other afternoon. He is a wonderful performer—prodigious! and a very pleasant fellow." Not long after, in another letter was this passage: "I wish you could hear this Rubinstein play the piano. He is the most wonderful performer I ever heard, and my opinion is derived partly from the sayings of all the big musicians here. He has played at the Gewandhaus once, and last evening at the Quartette. *—* isn't thought of beside him. His compositions are fine, too. I think he is destined to be the man in the musical world!"

About ten days ago I was at my task in the library again—a capital place to see musical celebrities—when a young man came in, who, I was sure at the first glance, must be Rubinstein. Nor was I mistaken. "Excuse me a moment, Herr Rubinstein," said the Professor. At the time, I was using up the remnant of brain left, in the attempt to decipher and copy something in Beethoven's own hand, scrawled with a lead pencil into his conversation book, in the midst of several pages of dinner-table talk at a tavern. It was the original first idea of the *El vitan venturi*, in his great Second Mass! I showed it to Rubinstein, and this led to some conversation between us, until the Professor was disengaged. Without looking like Beethoven, as he is represented in our portraits, there is still, in characteristic traits, a resemblance which struck me at once, especially when compared with pictures of the great master taken when he first went to Vienna. Such are the very broad, but not very high forehead; the full, dreamy eyes; even the rather ill-formed, flattish nose; the stiff mass of hair, all on end, and the dark complexion. His first concert I did not attend, but the notices of it have raised my curiosity to the highest pitch. Is he the coming man?

Friday morning I was with him for a time and was most favorably impressed. Some facts about himself and his music, I may, without impropriety, record here. During the last half dozen years that he has been Kapellmeister of the Archduchess Helene, besides a great variety of Sonatas, songs, etc., and all kinds of compositions for the piano-forte, he has written: 2 Piano-forte Trios, 3 Quartets for stringed instruments, 4 Russian Operas, and 4 Symphonies. Among his piano-forte works is one which is now passing through the press; an "Album of 24 portraits"—that is, his ideas of the characters of certain individuals, expressed in music. This reminded

me of the characters which Smith, the blind music teacher, now in Louisville, Ky., used in this way to paint, when he was in College. I spoke of it, much to Mr. R.'s amusement. In explanation of his Symphony—which I am sorry not to have heard—he gave the following programme: First movement, Ocean, a Tone-piece; Second, Man's soul, grand and vast—an ocean; Third, Scherzo, the Festival of Neptune; Fourth, Ocean, conquered, and reduced to the service of man.

Grand, is it not?

He is now studying upon a fifth Symphony, in which he has struck precisely the same idea as Liszt, save in the last movement. Should this work really prove successful, it will form some such an era as Beethoven's *Eroica*—if not, as I told him, he will be like Icarus—who died attempting great things. Of this work the First movement is Faust; Second, Gretchen; Third, Mephistopheles; Fourth, Fantasy and the Poet.

While in Leipzig, a text for an Oratorio, founded upon "Paradise Lost," and written by SCHLÖNBACH, was entrusted him for composition. Certainly a most sublime subject—especially for a young composer of twenty-five years!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 31, 1855.

END OF THE VOLUME.—The present number closes our *third year*. Our Journal "still lives," and bids fair to live more vitally and largely than it has done yet. Our subscription list has always kept increasing, but at far too slow a rate. It pays us something, but it costs us more than it should do to earn that something. We are sure that with twice as much support, we could give four times as good in return, more easily than we now contrive to give what we do. Now that we enter upon a new volume, (and with some improvements as we trust, in form and matter,) why will not each faithful subscriber send us one new name, and so enable us to enlist such aid from others, and save such time of our own from business drudgery to editorial thought, as shall bring our Journal nearer to our notion of what a Journal of Music should be?

It grieves us to add that we are still *minus* a large percentage of our just dues from subscribers and advertisers for the two years past. Were all paid up, we should be tolerably well off. But it is really unreasonable, if not worse, to keep us at the trouble of sending bill after bill across the country, writing letters and paying postage, to secure the paltry \$2,000 sums which are our Journal's staff of life, and which are properly our due beforehand.

BOUND VOLUMES of the past three years will soon be ready for purchasers.

PARTICULAR REQUEST.—Our supply of No. 4, Vol. V. has nearly run out. Any of our friends who do not file their Journals, and who can send us that number, will confer a very great favor.

All who do not expressly notify us of their wish to stop the Journal at the expiration of their term, will still continue to receive it, and be counted as subscribers for another year.

No subscription received for a shorter period than six months; and none for less than a year, unless paid in advance.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The Annual Benefit Concert on Tuesday evening attracted a fine audience to the Messrs. Chickering's Saloon, and was altogether one of the most choice and satisfactory of the many fine Chamber Concerts we have had this winter. The programme would have been considered really an audacious one a few years since, but we are sure it was thankfully appreciated now. It opened with that most original, imaginative, impassioned, learned, curious and effective Quartet of BEETHOVEN in C, op. 59, the last of the Rasumowsky set, which has been played in these concerts once before this winter, and which, elaborate and complicated and difficult as it is, came out quite clear in all its movements, not excepting the long and flowery-themed fugue of the finale, and seemed to hold the audience enthralled

and delighted. The composition is full of the wayward impetuosity and mystical dreaminess so often charged upon this master, but with a genuineness and depth of inspiration, a prevailing certainty of purpose, and strong grasp of means, whereby it justifies itself throughout. To speak more minutely of the execution, we may remark that the Allegro Vivace, which lays its finger down so positively and starts off with such clear alacrity after the dreamy, doubtful, hesitating modulations of the Introduction, was played with energy and fire enough as a whole, but that the first violin in attacking some of those very arduous heights did sometimes swerve a little from true pitch,—a fault of late comparatively rare in the Quintette Club. The Andante con moto, a sort of minor romance in 6-8 *Siciliano* rhythm, and seeming almost to anticipate the vein of Mendelssohn, was very exquisitely rendered, and we must note especially the feeling manner in which the violoncello sang or hummed its ceaseless melody, in melancholy undertone like the sea accompanying sad thoughts. The Minuetto was quite clear, and so (considering its difficulty) was the very delicate and complicated arabesque of the fugue finale, only that the viola was hardly deft enough for the graceful leading off of so lively and fantastic a theme.

Next came the novelty of the evening in the first appearance of Mr. GUSTAV SATTER, the pianist, of whom our New York Correspondents had already reported so highly. He played the Sonatas in B flat, op. 45, by MENDELSSOHN, for piano and violoncello (WULF FRIES.) He is a fresh, youthful-looking person, with an air of decision and at the same time a good-humored Austrian *bonhomie* about him, which reminded one somewhat of JAELI, and there was felt at once a freshness in his touch and style of playing that was most agreeable. In all the mechanical requisites of a pianist, we doubt if we have had his superior, we might almost say, his equal. In point of strength, delicacy, liquid connection of the notes, or crisp *staccato*, expressive cantabile or brilliant bravura, and generally in easy, graceful mastery of all sorts of difficulties, he was all that one could wish. And with these aids he entered into the style and spirit of the piece, and brought out its meaning very satisfactorily. We need not add that he was ably seconded. The audience were charmed and of course recalled the young artist with great warmth, who thereupon gave us one of the newly written fantasias of LISZT, not of the *Norma* and *Lucia* sort, but upon the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn, which he has worked up with marvellous power, alternating and mingling with it various snatches of that aerial fairy *tremolo* in the overture (*Midsummer Night's Dream*.) It was a piece of astonishing difficulty, and Mr. Satter's execution of it perhaps went beyond any feat of virtuosity which we remember. Certainly we never heard such an orchestral volume of tone rolled out from the piano, (the last and finest of the Chickering Grands.) But it is most to his credit, that, while he can do these things, he prefers to make them exceptional, and to deal more in music which appeals to us as music in the higher sense of Art.

Part II. opened with the Larghetto to that Quintet in A, by MOZART, op. 108, in which Mr. RYAN sustains so beautiful a clarinet part, and very artistically he did it. Next came a concert

aria by Mozart, *Mentre ti lascio, O figlia*, entirely new, we think, to Boston audiences. Mr. WETHERBEE sang it with judgment and expression, and that finished style of vocalism into which he has disciplined his rich bass voice. But the song in itself seemed almost too intensely dramatic for the Chamber, and between the passionate requirements of the song itself and the quiet tone of the place, the position of the singer could not, we fancied, be entirely unembarrassing.

Finally the grand B flat Trio of Beethoven, brought the concert to a noble close. In this again Mr. Satter appeared to very great advantage, and played it perhaps more effectively than it has ever been played here in public, although with less poetical inspiration than DRESEL, and in parts (as the Andante) with hardly the firmness, breadth and literal exactness of JAELL. The Scherzo and Finale pleased us most, and it is in these buoyant, brilliant, rapid movements that we thus far seem to feel most of this player's peculiar power. Yet, taking it all in all, it was a remarkable, a superb performance, and went far to deepen the impression of this noblest of piano-forte Trios. The brothers FRIES conspired warmly and effectually on their part.

So ended altogether the most satisfactory season thus far of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club; a season to be remembered for the remarkable amount of first-rate music which it has interpreted to us, for the greatly improved skill and more sympathetic unity of the interpreters, and for the unfeigned interest with which they have been continually listened to by so large audiences.

Johanna Wagner.

While the grand impersonations of the GRISI are still fresh in our minds, it is interesting to hear what is intelligently said of the young German aspirant to the same high throne of lyric tragedy. We English the words of a writer in that excellent German Monthly, *Meyer's Monatshefte*, published in New York.

"The only tragic actress, whom Berlin now possesses, is a singer—JOHANNA WAGNER. Of Juno-like form, with a mouth sternly closed, as if chiselled in marble, she has thrown aside entirely her former girlishness, of Dresden memory, and followed the pathos of RACHEL, of SCHREDER-DEVRIENT. You no longer detect any love-signs with eye or hand, but see only majesty in every feature. When, as Lucrezia Borgia, she demands of her husband the punishment of him who has dared to insult her name, it is as if a thunder-cloud sat upon her brow; all her movements are noble and measured; no empress wears her mantle more proudly—it is only from the pale face that the demoniac fire of vengeance gleams forth.

"There is an elective affinity between Johanna Wagner and Rachel; both should never appear but in white robes, with the golden circlet around their brows; they are plastic figures. Like their exterior, so their nature; it is their vocation to represent great, consuming passions, the end of heroines. But while, over the thin, worn-out features of Rachel, flash the incessant lightnings of hatred, revenge, and jealousy, Johanna Wagner's voice possesses a heart-entralling power, a sweetness and wildness like that of the syren, and yet it can be overpoweringly wrathful, when, as the voice of Olympia, it sounds forth its: 'Cassandra! ye eternal Gods!' But the horror-

inspiring expression of Rachel as Hermione or Camilla, which, neither beautiful nor repulsive, can only be compared to the appearance of the Eumenides, of whom ancient lore speaks so strangely—this expression is less peculiar to Johanna Wagner. But instead the Muses have endowed her with a nobleness and chasteness of exterior, that gives her a resemblance to the 'arrow-loving goddess, who, in her virgin pride wandered with fleet foot through the vales of Parnassus, while from its heights resounded the lyre of her brother.' And, when, as Orpheus, with her white mantle wound around her arm, she stands by the tomb of Eurydice; when, sure of victory, clasping her golden lyre, she faces the furies at the dark glowing gates of Tartarus—then it seems as if, with the tones of her voice, there were rising up temples and palaces, the sacred heights, the god-frequented valleys, Aphrodite, Helen, Hector and Achilles, all the beloved shades—and on the waves of her song we descend to Lethe, ascend to Olympus.

"If ever the music of GLUCK has been rendered in a manner worthy of its master, it is so, here; from these melodies breathes the deepest woe, comes forth the fragrance of the most blissful love; and all this wafted round by that classic calm and mildness, which, in its purity and clearness resembles the sky whose eternal blue spreads over Hellas, the azure sea that plays around its cliffs. Next me in the theatre sat one of our old professors, with his broad-brimmed hat and immense shoe-buckles. Fifty years before, he told me, he had heard 'Orpheus'; and when Wagner sang 'What now is life to me?' the tears came into his eyes, and he pressed my hand in deep emotion.

"Johanna Wagner's voice has not the inexhaustible fulness and power of that of JENNY NEY in Dresden. The Berlin critics, who hate everything great, and harmonious, and try their best to destroy it with their malicious wit, had consequently found an admirable occasion, a few weeks ago, at a representation of *Fidelio*, to point their shafts at this artist, also, as if it were not the very greatest art to produce such soul-stirring effects even with impaired powers. Johanna Wagner's voice is broken; she fails in the high notes—but her sublimely tragic appearance and manner, which at times touches upon the austere, as when she sings the "Erl-king"—will ever throw around this weakness the imperial mantle of Art, and perhaps, indeed, this consciousness of sinking gives her a still higher charm, as if there dwelt within her something of the dying swan.

"I will only add that Johanna Wagner has reached her present height by the thorny path by which alone most women arrive at true greatness, an unhappy, but pure and noble love."

M. S. R.

SIGNOR CORELLI AND HIS PUPILS.—No one has ever labored more devotedly or more successfully in our city in the training of young voices to sing in the true Italian style, than Sig. Corelli, who for five years past has had hosts of scholars and has given quite a remarkable impulse to the Art in our most cultivated private circles. Some of our best professional singers, too, are largely indebted to his invaluable lessons. It was but natural, that, numbering so many finely flavored voices, ripening so auspiciously, among his pupils, the teacher should wish their families and friends

to meet and taste for once the combined fruits of their training. A first very delightful opportunity of this kind was offered in a Soirée in Chickering's rooms last year, one of the pleasantest musical parties in our recollection. We did not feel free at that time to journalize upon what was simply social and private. On Friday evening of last week the experiment was repeated on a somewhat larger scale, with the rooms really crammed with guests, and as the newspapers have not kept silent, we too may record our pleasure briefly.

It was, save one or two interventions of a single bass and tenor, entirely a concert of young ladies. Nearly sixty of the present and past pupils of Sig. Corelli took part, including four who officiated very ably as accompanists at the piano. The programme was only too long, but it contained twenty of the choicest pieces of Italian music, many of them such as have taxed the powers of the world's greatest *cantatrici*. And we think there was general surprise and delight at the average beauty and culture of the voices, at the transcendent sweetness, richness and sympathetic quality of at least half a dozen of them, and at the unmistakeable evidence they gave that they could sing.

It was a rare joy indeed, something which one never experiences in public opera, oratorio or concert, to hear a female chorus of such sweet, refined, sympathetic voices. The choruses from the *Favorita*, and the *Giuramento*, and the *Elisir d'Amore*, never sounded so sweetly as from these fifty fresh young sopranis and contralti. Especially interesting were the three pieces: 'Faith,' 'Hope,' and 'Charity,' by ROSSINI, sung by a select chorus of sopranis in three parts; the latter, with solo besides, and truly a noble piece, which we have long wondered that we never hear in concerts.

Of the solos there were at least half a dozen which would compare favorably with some of the much admired efforts on our operatic stage, in execution, artistic style, expression, *verve*, as well as in the rare power and beauty of the voices, each so individual in its *timbre*. These were such pieces as *O mio Fernando*; *Una voce poco fa*; the contralto cavatina (with chorus) from *Il Giuramento*; a very dramatic, recitative duo from *Anna Bolena*; *Qui la voce*; *Ah, non credea*. And shall we go on and mention the *Come è bello*, the *Bell raggio* (with chorus) from *Semiramide*; the *Quis est homo* duet; the duet from *Giuramento*; the German duet by Kücken, &c.:—all highly creditable, even remarkable performances, for such young amateurs. We may not mention the names of the fair singers, as they do not belong to the public. Yet we may except two bright instances, as being at least partially professional.

Miss LOUISE HENSLER, the very youthful sister of ELISE, now in Italy, by her lark-like cadenza in the opening chorus, by her truly finished and felicitous execution of such difficult pieces as *Una voce* and *Quis est homo*, and by the fresh, Spring-like charm of her voice and manner, quite electrified the house. And Mrs. LONG sang *Qui la voce* with a purity of voice, and a sustained elegance and truth of style and feeling, which charmed even after the very great artists who have sung it here and doubtless been her models. It was only in those very trying chromatic scales at the end, that the piece seemed at all to transcend her powers. It certainly was by far the finest effort we have yet witnessed from this lady.—And so thanks and continued progress to Corelli and his interesting pupils!

Musical Correspondence.

From NEW YORK.

MARCH 28TH.—EISFELD'S 5th Quartet Soirée took place last evening. All present regretted the absence of Mr. Eisfeld, who is recovering, though slowly, from a very severe illness. The concert was opened with four parts (the Allegro, Adagio, Scherzo, and Finale) of BEETHOVEN'S Septet. The rendering of the Adagio—one of the most beautiful that the Master ever wrote—was very fine. The other parts were marred by that unfortunate violin of which I have already had repeated occasion to complain. The fault lies partly in the instrument, which has a harsh tone, but far more in the strong tendency of the performer to play flat.

Mr. and Mrs. PHILIP MAYER sang a couple of duets—one from MEHUL's "Joseph in Egypt," beautiful, touching, tender music, in which the really fine voice of Mr. Mayer shows to fine advantage. Less so the lady's (formerly Miss Rosa Jacques) whose organ has not improved within the last year or two. It was better suited to the Barcarole of ABT, a joyous, rollicking composition, which pleased the audience enough to be encored.

The remaining numbers were, Beethoven's B flat Trio, played by Mr. WILLIAM MASON, and a selection of smaller pieces from the hands of the same gentleman. As regards the Trio, I rather think you were better off who heard it played, last night too, by Mr. SATTER. The fact is, he has spoiled us for anything else; and though Mr. Mason, in his way, does very well indeed, yet there is still a wide difference. The styles of the two are so entirely unlike, that they can hardly be compared: while Mr. Satter's is crisp, nervous, and energetic, I can characterize Mr. Mason's playing in no other way than by the term *loose*; the former seems as if built upon a strong, iron frame, which will withstand any shock; the latter rests, as it were, on a scaffolding of pasteboard or the like, likely to fall to pieces at any moment.

You must not suppose that I do not acknowledge the many excellences in Mr. Mason's playing. His rendering of delicate passages, his *pianissimo*, are faultless; he masters great mechanical difficulties, and plays with much expression, as in the theme of the Andante; but, as in the latter parts of the same movement, his articulation is often indistinct, and a strong tendency to a *tempo rubato*, and to too rapid playing is sometimes annoying. The latter was observable, more than I ever heard it before, in the triplet portion of the "Impromptu" of CHOPIN. It was rendered a mass of confused sounds. Nor did the middle part, with its deep, mysterious melody, come out as broadly and purely as on former occasions. A Suite by HANDEL, consisting of *Prelude*, *Fugue*, *Allemande*, *Courante*, and *Gigue*, pleased me best of all Mr. Mason's performances. It was played distinctly, and, as it seemed to me, with the true spirit. *Pensees Fugitives*, a pleasing, delicate composition by Mr. Mason himself, with a quite original theme, something in the style of GADE, concluded the performances, which, on the whole, seemed to have given satisfaction.

BORNONIS.

MARCH 28.—Last Wednesday *Luzrezzia* was given at the Academy. Even with GRISI and MARIO's notes still ringing in my ears, I was very much pleased. For STEFFANONE, although she does often sing false and seemed to be affected by a cold, still has a fine voice, and BRIGNOLI, although the opposite of Mario in looks, makes a very pleasant impression. The audience was very good for the Academy. On Friday, *Maria di Rohan* was given, but how,—as I was not present,—I cannot say. This closed the first twelve subscription nights. On Monday there was no performance on account of the brilliant Light Guard ball, and tonight, as the first of the new season, *Maria* is to

be repeated. The noted Chevalier WYCKOFF, (of Miss Gamble and Sardinian prison celebrity) is now the manager under the direction of the committee.

I have been at Niblo's pretty often to witness tragedy and comedy, operatic and equestrian performances, college commencements, historical addresses, concerts, and innumerable other things, but never did I see a fuller house than there was last Thursday evening on occasion of the performance of *Der Freischütz*, and the debut of Miss LEHMANN in opera in America. No less than five or six hundred unfortunate bipeds stood during the three hours of performance. As a whole it was well given. The orchestra played finely, although sometimes, as it seemed to me, a little too slow. Mr. QUINT (Max) had a very bad cold, which spoiled his singing entirely. VINCKE did much better in Caspar than I had expected, yet there was room for great improvement. Mme. SIEDENBURG did excellently as Annelchen. A soubrette part becomes her much better than such an one as Lady Harriet in *Martha*. The aria in the second act, "Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen," was given very prettily, and she filled her place in the preceding duet in a naïve and pleasant manner. One thing however I must find fault with; it is the practice of singing too much at the audience.

And now for Caroline Lehmann. I do not exactly know how to begin about her. Her singing was superb, (you know that,) and her acting in all her arias was very good. But in the other parts she did not seem to feel at home on the stage and was rather constrained. Besides this, she was not dressed tastefully, a very common fault with her. But all this was lost sight of in her glorious singing. How beautifully she gave us: "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," I need not tell you, you have heard her. And on the whole I wish for no better Agatha.

The minor parts were all well sustained. Mr. SCHETTERER as Kilian, REICHARD as Ottocar, etc., etc., did well. Choruses generally ditto. After the second and last acts, the principal performers were called out, and Miss Lehmann received quantities of bouquets.

The scenery and machinery in the "Wolfschlucht" scene was miserable. But this is not the fault of the opera troupe, but of Niblo's theatre.

Musical Intelligence.**Local.**

MR. SATTER'S CONCERT.—We hope no true音乐 lover will fail to be at Chickering's rooms on Monday evening. The programme as well as the playing of this pianist will be remarkable. He will play the *Sonata Appassionata* of BEETHOVEN, never before played here in public, and one of the most fiery and truly Beethovenish; a Ballade of CHOPIN; a couple of dainty Minuets from MOZART and Beethoven; a Trio of SCHUBERT, with the Quintette Club; and for modern brilliancies the transcription of "Midsummer Night's Dream" by LISZT; a fantastical affair by SCHUMANN, called a "Carnival," consisting of twenty little pieces, in the way of character sketches of composers; and an arrangement of his own on the March from the *Prophète*.

THE FLOWER QUEEN.—We commend the repetition on Fast Day evening of this pretty Children's Cantata. Mr. CLARKE himself will sustain the part of the Recluse this time, and the little flower spirits who sing him back to human sympathies, have been newly drilled in chorus and solo, and the defects of the first performance carefully corrected.

THE BEETHOVEN STATUE.—We find the following in some Vienna correspondence of the *Atlas*:

The Royal foundry of Munich, the 23rd of February, cast successfully in bronze the colossal statue of Beethoven, modelled by Mr. Crawford after the one which exists at Bonn, Beethoven's birth-place, for Boston. It has been temporarily placed in the Odeon of Munich; a great concert, to be composed of the works of Beethoven, which have never been executed at Munich, was to be given the 2d of March; its proceeds were to be given to the poor.

We trust another season will see this statue fitly inaugurated in its place of destination, our noble Music Hall. But is it modelled after the one in Bonn?

JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT.—The London *Morning Advertiser* says that Jenny Lind has entered into an engagement to revisit England in her professional capacity. From religious scruples she has determined never more to appear before the public under any circumstances which could be construed into giving her sanction to theatrical or operatic performances. She has further resolved that all her future exhibitions before the public shall partake more or less, of the character of sacred music; and, with this view, she has, we are informed, stipulated that she shall sing only in Exeter Hall. She is expected there sometime in the month of April. Our readers are aware that Jenny Lind is now the mother of two children.

A Rotterdam correspondent writes: "Madame GOLDSCHMIDT (JENNY LIND) and her husband have given two or three Concerts in Amsterdam, and tomorrow (Tuesday) evening they intend giving a grand Concert at the Hague. Though the admission to their Concerts was more than twice the sum generally charged for first-class Concerts, the Concert-rooms were crowded. Madame GOLDSCHMIDT seems to have lost none of those qualifications which gave such *éclat* to the professional performances and personal kind-heartedness of JENNY LIND. Her audiences know no bounds to their enthusiasm."

Advertisements.**MR. GUSTAV SATTER**

Has the pleasure to inform the public that his FIRST CONCERT in Boston will be given at the Rooms of the Messrs. CHICKERING, (MASONIC TEMPLE), on MONDAY EVENING, April 24, on which occasion he will be assisted by the

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.**PROGRAMME.****PART I.**

1—*Trio in B flat*,..... F. Schubert.
Messrs Satter, A. & W. Fries.

2—a, *Minuetto from 6th Symphony*,..... Mozart.
2—b, *Minuetto from Sonata in E flat*,..... Beethoven.

2—c, *Coronation March from "Le Prophète"*,..... Meyerbeer.
Mr. Satter.

3—*Sonata Appassionata*, F minor,..... Beethoven.
Mr. Satter.

PART II.

1—*Carneval on four notes*,..... R. Schumann.

2—*Ballad in G minor*,..... Chopin.

3—*Transcription of "Midsummer Night's Dream"*,..... Liszt.

Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

Tickets, \$1 each, may be obtained at the usual places and at the door.

THE FLOWER QUEEN.

Mr. C. H. CLARKE would respectfully announce that the second and last performance of Monk's celebrated Cantata, THE FLOWER QUEEN, by his Classes, will take place at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, on the evening of

FAST DAY, April 5th.

Mr. CLARKE will (by request) sing the part of the "Recluse" on this occasion. In addition, a Select Choir of Fifty Ladies and Gentlemen have kindly consented to sing two Choruses from the most popular Operas. Mr. Clarke will also introduce one of Koenig's unrivaled Solos for Cornet a piston. The whole forming one of the most attractive musical entertainments ever offered to the Boston public.

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From the Christian Inquirer.

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The Crayon has, we hope, a special mission—to purge and soberize the style of our journalizing, as well as the taste of our people in general. The heated, gaseous, and rekindling style of our public press is becoming intolerable. The Crayon uses a cool, quiet and unobtrusive style, which is truly refreshing.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

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